

## Honey in the Rock by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016), Stranger Things - Fandom

**Genre:** Anal Sex, Double Penetration, Explicit Sexual Content, First Time, Fluff, Multi, Smut, Threesome, Underage Drinking, Voyeurism

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Nancy Wheeler, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Nancy Wheeler/Steve Harrington, Nancy Wheeler/Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2018-05-09

**Updated:** 2018-05-09

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 04:47:50

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** Underage

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,180

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

"I wanna try something."

## Honey in the Rock

### Author's Note:

This is pretty much just gonna be porn for the sake of porn.

"I wanna try something."

Nancy rests her head onto the crux of Steve's chest, lets herself gently rise and fall with each breath.

"And what, Steve Harrington, would that be?"

He answers her by climbing over her, pressing their bodies close. He kisses her in that way that he does so often now; as though he wants to savor every corner of her lips, wants to fill his own chest with the air from her lungs. He kisses her like it's the last time he'll ever get the chance.

"We've done that before," Nancy teases as soon as Steve breaks away.

He skims his thumb over the corner of her mouth, cupping her jaw. They lie there for a long while, wearing the laziest of grins, drinking in one another's presence. If Nancy ever doubts that she made the right choice, it's moments like tonight that reassure her.

She'll have to kick him out soon, before the sky turns orange and her mother calls her down for breakfast. He'll clamber artfully down her window like a cat, she'll call him an idiot, and then she'll lie there smiling to herself in the darkness. This safe, beautiful little world they've created will vanish into the sunlight and all will be lost for a while.

But for now, Nancy thinks, relaxing against Steve's body. For now he can stay.

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“Do you... Do you know what a threesome is?”

“You mean like a group? Like for a project?”

Steve stares at her for a second, his face frozen with an emotion that she can't quite distinguish. He drops his hands and lets out a little sigh. “No, Nance. Not... not like a group project. I'm talking about...” He fumbles for the right words, clutching at the air with his long fingers. “I'm talking about sex.”

“Sex?” The word spills out of Nancy's mouth like it's made of sewage, like she's never said it aloud before.

“Yes. Sex.”

“You mean us? A... with us?”

“Yes. But don't— please don't get mad, I just wanted to talk about it. I wanted to... you know... put the idea out there.”

“This is that thing you wanted us to try.” Nancy shakes her head, says those words as though she's just confirmed an age-old suspicion.

“Nancy...” Steve closes the gap between them, takes her small hand into his.

Nancy's no prude. She's had sex. She likes sex. It makes her feel full and warm and wanted, like she and Steve are the only two people in the world.

She looks at Steve's earnest face, wanting to hear him out; but something deep inside of her chest breaks. He wants her to share him. He wants to sleep with another girl, wants to share that bond they have together. Why? Nancy asks herself, feeling her eyes begin to sting. Someone prettier. Someone better.

“With a guy.”

Steve says those three little words so hurriedly that Nancy almost doesn't understand what he's saying, dark brows furrowing together and pushing little lines into her skin. But then she does.

“What?”

“You heard me Nancy Wheeler. I want a threesome. With you... and me... and another guy.” He pushes himself back from the wobbly desk, straightens his collar and puts on a half-cocked grin. “As long as you’re okay with sharing me. I mean I’d probably say I’m too good not to share, don’t you think?”

She moves her hand to clutch at the charm around her necklace, watches Steve’s eyes follow it there. The question comes out squeaky and hoarse, despite how hard she’d tried to keep it from wavering, “So you... so you— you’re telling me... you’re telling me you want to sleep with... with a guy?”

“No,” Steve sighs and inches himself closer, closing the gap between them. “I want you to have sex with another guy... but with me there. For, you know... sex stuff.”

Questions fill her mind like a swarming of a beehive, nearly blurring her vision at the sheer surreality of it all. At last, she shakes them all away but one.

“Who?”

“Ah,” Steve starts. “Now this is where things might get a little touchy.” He emphasizes the word, ‘touchy’ by reaching out to poke at Nancy’s ribs; making her jerk away and smile. The room feels warm again. Her chest feels whole.

“I am not touchy.”

“You, Nancy Wheeler, are the touchiest of them all.”

“And you, Steve Harrington, are a pervert.”

She swats him playfully, until they begin prodding and teasing one another like children. Steve finally stops, reaches out and takes her hand again underneath the table.

There hasn’t been a day past that Nancy doesn’t find herself in awe of the person Steve has grown into. She’d never be as egotistical as to believe that she’s the one who caused it, but there’s a sense of repose

in hoping she might have helped spur it along. It was a beautiful thing, the way he replaced his vile love for himself with a love for the ones close to him. Steve has become someone she never knew she needed. And she hopes that person never leaves.

“I haven’t agreed to anything though,” she adds, doing her best at keeping a straight-face against Steve’s proudly-worn grin.

“I know, Nance.”

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He takes her to some diner near her house, one that reeks of stale cigarettes and boiling grease and chopped onions. He guides her to a round table in the back, tucked away from the loud bustling of the other patrons. When at last he finally sits down beside her, he’s already out of breath.

“Are you okay, Steve? You’re acting... really weird.”

“I’m fine, Nance. Really. I am.” His voice is rushed, strained; his shoulders curled tightly into himself.

No, this isn’t right. This isn’t right at all. Nancy narrows her eyes, as if she can peer right through his thinly veiled words. She watches him glance over his shoulder more than once, leaning back every so often to peer at the entrance. “There’s something you’re not telling me. Is there someone here? Is someone coming to join us?”

She’s met with nothing but silence, but the look that washes over her boyfriend’s face tells Nancy everything she needs to know.

“Oh, Steve. Tell me you didn’t.”

“Well... I can’t really... do that.”

“Tell me who it is. Please. I’ll feel better if I just know who it is.”

“Eh...” Steve winces. He puts his hands out in front of him and shifts

them side to side like a scale, figuratively weighing his options.

“Oh God. Is it someone I know?”

“Eh...”

“*Steve.*”

Fighting hard against the rush of fear now blooming deep within her belly, Nancy searches the faces of every single person who walks inside. Her fingers grip the aluminum edge of the table until her knuckles go white. Oh, God. Who is it? Who could it possibly even be?

Just as she's given up, eyes squeezed close as she's shaking her head at Steve, she hears it. That voice. She knows that voice. Those low, honey-coated words that climb over the bustling sounds of the other diners like—

“Hey, there Nancy. How's it goin'?”

Her breath catches in her throat, reluctantly prying open her eyes and confirming exactly what she already knew. Nancy searches for the words, finds only one that fits.

“No.”

“You look nice,” Billy winks, a crooked smile gracing his lips as he sits down on the edge of the table between them. “New sweater?”

Nancy does her best to push herself as far back as she can in her seat, subtly curling her shoulders in on themselves. The way Billy draws his eyes over her chest makes her feel as though she's completely naked. He's just the same as the men in those movies her dad had hidden in the basement. Cheap and dirty— just like that fake leather jacket.

Nancy can't say anything now, not even 'no.' She tries to open her mouth, finds it bone-dry and empty. They all just sit there, motionless, frozen together in time.

For a moment, looking at the two of them seated so closely next to

one another doesn't feel real. It feels like a dream, almost as though she's walking through the Upside Down again. The bruises on Steve's face have hardly even turned green, the marks on Billy's knuckles barely even scabbed over and healing. She feels herself wondering from her body, floating up high above the other diners, only coming back when she hears Steve start to speak again.

"Nancy? Are you okay?"

She chews on her lips, does her best to wet them. "I—"

"So I'm guessin' your boy-toy here's already laid out the proposition. I mean, judging from that shocked look on your face."

Before she could even begin to croak out an answer Billy beat her to the punch. He leans back in his seat, crosses both of his arms behind his head and glides his tongue along the edge of his teeth.

"I'm game I guess. But it'd probably be a good idea to go on and plan out the logistics. You know; who goes in your pussy, who goes in your mouth, etcetera and so forth..."

Steve shoots Billy a side-glance, lowers his voice to whisper out of the corner of his mouth. "Nancy doesn't give hea—"

"Steve!"

Billy opens his mouth in feigned-shock, throws a hand over his chest and laughs. Steve's face remains stoic, eyes wide and filled with anxiety, and something Nancy doesn't quite recognize. He never once lets his shoulders drop, never once stops skittering his fingers across the grimy surface of the table.

At last Nancy scoffs and puts her hands up as if to push the thought of what they're suggesting as far away as possible, "Look. I'm not sure if this is Steve's idea of a practical joke, but I really think I should just get g—"

"Nancy, wait." Steve grabs gently at the thick corduroy of her jacket as she stands up to leave. "It's not a joke." His voice lowers, as serious and as firm as when he tells her that he loves her. "This is real. I want this."

She searches his eyes for a glimmer of amusement, for even the slightest hint of deceit hiding deep inside of his dark irises. She finds nothing. His face is as earnest and open as it has ever been before.

Nancy pulls away, leaves the diner without a word.

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It's not that she hasn't thought about something like this before. She may not quite grasp the mechanics of it, but she'd be lying if she said it'd never crossed her mind. Not with Billy, of course; but when one is faced with the task of choosing between two suitors, polygamy doesn't really sound all that unreasonable.

Nancy winces. The stray thought of Jonathan makes her chest tighten with something she can't— or doesn't want to— fully understand. She buries it down, pretends that it was never even there.

After a few nights of torturing herself over her own thoughts and desires, Nancy finally reasons that wanting to sleep with two men at the same time doesn't make her any less of a lady. Even if it did, this type of sexual inquisitiveness is probably typical in a girl her own age. Perhaps it's not so typical to conjure fantasies of a violent psychopath, but when said psychopath looks the way Billy Hargrove does, well, Nancy's entitled to the fantasy, isn't she?

No. She shakes the half-hearted rationalization out of her head as quickly as it arrived. She pulls her sheets up further over her face, rolls to her side and shimmies around to get comfortable. She definitely, undoubtedly, irrevocably doesn't. No. She can't let herself think that way about someone like him. She doesn't. She won't. She can't.

Well...

She could.

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"Why him?" Nancy's words are barely audible over the crackling of the car radio, but they catch Steve's attention anyway. "Why Billy?"

"Look, Nance... I know he seems— well, I know that he isn't exactly an amazing dude. Not on the outside. But most of it... it's not, you know. Most of it's just an act." Steve glances over, meets Nancy's eyes and gives a half-hearted smile.

"When did you even talk to him? The last time I saw him with you guys were punching each other in the face." She cocks her head, her mind buzzing and swarming with so many questions. "You could have picked anyone. Anyone else. You could have picked—"

"Could have picked Jonathan?" His words are barbed, full of hurt. They wrap around Nancy's heart and give it a squeeze, stinging her with how quickly they rolled off of his tongue.

Nancy lets out a huff of air, shakes her head and turns instead to look out the window. "That is not what I was going to say."

"Yeah, well, you didn't have to." His words are low, begrudging, but after a moment she catches him softening up beside her. At last he melts, lays a hand over the soft denim covering her knee. "I didn't mean that, Nance. I'm just still a little... you know. I'm sorry I said it."

It takes Nancy a moment longer break down her wall, biting down on her tongue as it presses against her cheek. She drags a finger over the cool tinted glass beside her and watches as the tiny ring of fog forms underneath. She doesn't look at him, not until he speaks again.

"I swear, we really don't have to do it. I don't even really want to. It was just an idea." "

At last she softens, reaches a hand out to stroke the back of his hair. She climbs over in the seat, leans to rest her head over on his shoulder. "Steve?"

"Yes, Nance?"

"You're an idiot."

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Pain slaps through Nancy's body like a bolt of lightning, dousing her nerve-endings with gasoline and setting them all on fire. She hears the laughter of the other students in the parking lot, sees her papers and books landing wildly on the ground beside her.

Her flesh stings furiously from the impact, but even still it doesn't hurt nearly as much her pride. She just closes her eyes and groans, lies there a moment with her face pressed flush against the ice-covered concrete.

"Need a hand there, Nancy?"

It takes a moment for her vision to adjust as she lifts her head, the bright sun casting a shadow on the figure standing over her. She doesn't have to see him to know who he is though.

Jesus, of all the damn people in this parking lot.

Nancy rolls over and sits up, surprised to see Billy's arm actually held outstretched to help her. She hesitates for a moment, and then at last she takes it, hoisted back onto her feet as though she were weightless.

Nancy opens her mouth to respond, gratitude resting in the empty space between her jaws, but she can't quite seem to force it out. They just stand there, looking at each other, that infuriating grin frozen solid against his tanned face. Cars veer to pass them, honking and shouting from their windows to tell them to move but even still they stay poised.

"You kinda ran out on me there the other day. Didn't really get an answer out of you." He winks, and it makes something in Nancy's gut grow warm and tight. She pushes it away, out of her belly, out of her confusion-riddled mind.

"So the question still stands, Nancy." Billy shifts on his feet, flashes those movie-screen teeth. "Do you wanna fuck me?"

Nancy scoffs. "Not even in your dreams."

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It's the weekend before Steve's parents leave to go out-of-town. It's all Nancy can think about, filling her chest with excitement at being able to wake up next to him in the morning without hurriedly rushing him to climb down the terrace. They'll be together, alone in that great big house all to themselves.

"Steve... Can I ask you something?" She cocks her head towards him, twists at her necklace as she struggles to keep up with his pace. "Why did you want that?"

Steve drags his tongue over the edge of his cone, lapping up the melted drip that had began to spill over. He gives her a shrug. "It tastes good. Ice cream's always better when it's cold outside."

"No, not— not the ice cream." Nancy lowers her voice, leans in close so no one walking past can hear her. "Us... With Billy."

"I thought we weren't gonna talk about that anymore." His face softens, a smile gracing the sticky-wet corners of his mouth. "Seriously, Nance. I never should have asked. I guess I can still be pretty selfish sometimes."

"How is it selfish?"

Steve looks at her this time. "What?"

"How is it selfish?" She hooks her thumbs into her jacket-pockets, raises her shoulders slightly. "I mean, it would be you who's sharing me. Wouldn't it be?"

Steve's legs come to a halt, stopping right there on the street. Nancy has to pull him out of the way, urges him to sit down on a bench beside her. He leans into her; flashes her that weary, thoughtful expression that he saves only for her.

"It was selfish of me to ask him before I talked to you. I know that." Steve pauses for a moment. "But why do I want it? I'm not sure. I've been thinking about that— been thinking about why I want it to be him. I guess I don't really have a great answer for you. Maybe because I've never done anything like it before? Because I think it would... you know... be hot. Maybe be—"

"You think me sleeping with someone else is hot?"

"Ye— Well, no. Not when you put it like that. It's more about..." Steve puts a finger to his mouth, turns whole body further towards Nancy. "It's more about you. I want to see you feel good. I want to see you feel good because of... because of someone like him. Someone rough, and dirty, and—"

"Ridiculously attractive?" Nancy smirks, jabs him gently in the ribs with her elbow. She feels lighter somehow, as though the weight of not knowing has been lifted all at once by Steve's words.

He lets out a quick bursting laugh, shaking his head and making his hair bounce against the nape of his neck. "What? No."

"You do. I knew it. You totally think he's handsome."

"No— I just— okay you know what? Who doesn't? He might be a total douchebag but I mean, what can I say? The guy's a Greek God."

"He is very good-looking." Nancy smiles at the way Billy throws his hand over his chest in feigned shock. She reaches out to run her fingers through his hair, to try and make it look not-so-perfect anymore. "But not nearly as good looking as you."

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Everything that Nancy Wheeler is, Billy Hargrove is not.

She is soft though she is fierce, a beautiful polaroid picture of what it means to be both feminine and strong. She keeps her head held high,

does all her homework and speaks with utmost sincerity. When she loves she loves with all her might, wraps herself up with perfumed memories and has never truly wanted to break anything before in her life.

And if there's anything that Billy Hargrove is good at, it's fucking breaking things.

His barbed tongue drips with spoiled honey, wanting nothing more than to lash out and hurt everything around him just as much as he hurts inside. He reeks like cigarettes and cologne, the grind-house idea of what he thinks it is to be a man. He's the holes punched violently into the wall behind his bed, the bright red curse-words written at the bottoms of the stall.

Nancy is creation, dozens of bright white flowers blooming tall in an open field.

Billy is consumption, a fire burning at the end of the street. Smoldering, hungry, melting everything that it ever dares to lay his fingertips on.

Nancy is something that demands to be locked away in towers, kept from spoiling and turning to ash. But if there's one thing that Nancy knows, it's that she doesn't ever want to be locked away. Not now. Not ever before. Not ever again.

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"Invite him over."

"What?"

"Invite him over. If this is what ruins me, then so be it."

"Nancy," Steve says, quiet and slow like a warning. He's looking at her the way he looks at her little brother and his friends, so full of concern and apprehension. "You've been drinking."

She rolls her eyes. "I've had two beers."

"Still, you know. You're impaired. You don't always make the best decisions when you're drunk."

"Two. Beers." Nancy repeats, lips curling up at the edges. Her whole body bounces as she sits down suddenly onto his parents' bed, watching him preen himself in the mirror of their bathroom. He gives her a look like he knows that she's joking, but when he sees that she isn't he freezes, comb still buried deep in his hair.

"You're serious? You're sure?"

"Bring it on," Nancy says, to hide how nervous she is.

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Forty-five minutes. That's how long Steve tells her it'll take for Billy to get there, hanging the phone back up on the wall and swinging his arms like a child. He looks so happy, so soft, it makes Nancy want to catch his hands and kiss him right there in the kitchen.

"Promise me." He urges, moving in and closing the space between them. "Promise me that you're sure."

"I'm sure."

It ends up being the shortest forty-five minutes of Nancy's entire fucking life.

By the time the doorbell even rings, echoing like a siren through gaping spaces of the house, Nancy can already feel herself sweating. She wants this, she does; so she swallows hard and stops breathing as soon as she hears Steve open the door.

She smells him before she can see him; the cigarettes and hairspray. Before she can even blink again he's there, looking so out of place in the middle of Steve's perfect chiffon-draped living room.

He looks at her, eyes lighting up as he flashes his best brilliantly bleached smile. She'd never noticed how blue his eyes are, how round and how open.

"Ready to get this party started?" His foot taps as he peels off his stone-washed jacket, tosses it carelessly to the floor. Steve rushes to pick it up, lays it gently on the back of the couch behind them.

Suddenly she feels embarrassed, unable to meet either of their eyes again. She drops her gaze, presses her lips to the mouth of the bottle and takes another sip.

"You've got beer?" Billy asks gruffly, turning to look at Steve.

Nancy's boyfriend nods, goes into the kitchen and tosses him a bottle. He catches it, never once breaking his smile as he draws his eyes over her body. Nancy does the only thing she can think to do in this situation:

She drinks.

She drinks until she feels warm. She drinks until the sharp lines of Billy's jaw and Steve's eyes begin to blur, finding it hard to focus on who's talking now. It was hardly anything more than a buzz, but Nancy basked in the glow of it anyway.

She'd lost track of how many beers Billy and Steve had drank themselves, too many bottles discarded carelessly at the base of the couch to even begin to think about counting. She sits now between them, welcoming the warmth of their bodies whenever they happen to brush against her.

Steve talks about school, about sports, about, about sex, about everything in between. He does his best to include them both, to make as many jokes and quips and self-degrading anecdotes as he possibly can. He talks deeply, voice just on the edge of a slur; taking little breaks to run his knuckles over the curve of Nancy's cheek. She just listens, just laughs too loudly and smiles at them both with her eyes.

It takes a while for Billy to soften up, to take his eyes off of Nancy

and finally lets words spill forth without being grating— without being sickly-sweet— and without every sentence being a thinly-veiled dare. Slowly but surely Billy lets himself grow open, lets himself talk solely for the sake of letting them hear him. He talks about California, about his past and why they came here. He talks about past dates and his father and the trouble he's had with his mother's new husband and it's almost enough to make him seem real, almost enough to make him seem human.

"I'm really glad you agreed to this, Nancy." Billy's words are honeyed, sly, smirking as he reaches and lays a too-warm hand over the bend of her knee. "I think the three of us are gonna have a lot of fun together."

**Author's Note:**

Thanks for reading!